

# Southeastern Europe Has Not Heard That the War Is Over

**"Now It Can Be Told"**  
Before publication Harpers had to put to press for a second edition Philip Gibbs's long-awaited book, "Now It Can Be Told," issued recently. The book takes its title from the startling revelations that the famous war correspondent is now able to make uncensored for the first time.

While Mr. Gibbs as a correspondent pictured the panorama of war day by day—as far as he was permitted—he now presents the phases of the picture that were barred by the censor. Along with important disclosures in "Now It Can Be Told" Mr. Gibbs tells numerous anecdotes of men in war, both tragic and gay.

## Peace in the Balkans

### Major Powell Describes Welter of Jarring Races From Fiume to Constantinople

MAJOR E. ALEXANDER POWELL, who has a series of war books to his credit, describes the effects of peace in the Balkans and the Near East in "The New Frontiers of Freedom" (Scribner's). The title of the book is more encouraging than its tone. For, from the Alps to the Aegean, from Fiume to Constantinople, the author found a dozen warring, bitter and suspicious peoples, all dissatisfied with the peace settlement and all disinclined to improve their condition by the one efficacious method of going back to work.

Major Powell discusses impartially the national problems of the states which he visited. He was invited by the Italian government to investigate the situation at Fiume, but he does not succumb to the temptation to become an Italian propagandist. On the contrary he questions the wisdom of the Italian annexation of the German-speaking portions of the Tyrol and expresses the opinion that Fiume should become a free state.

The author found his journey across the Balkans more picturesque than comfortable. These regions, always wild and undeveloped, have relapsed into almost primitive savagery as a result of the war's devastations. Transportation is slow and difficult; sleeping quarters are generally overrun with highly undesirable insect inhabitants; and there is always a fair chance of being shot in some of the personal and national feuds which are a specialty in this part of Europe. Major Powell gives an entertaining summary of the moral and legal codes prevalent among the Albanians:

"Albania is the only country that I know of where every one concerned becomes indignant if a murderer is sent to prison. The relatives of the dead departed resent it because they feel that the judge has cheated them out of their revenge, which they would probably obtain, were the murderer at large, by putting a knife or a pistol bullet between his shoulders. The murderer, of course, objects to the sentence both because he does not like imprisonment and because he believes that he could escape from the relatives of his victims were he given his freedom. If he or his friends have any money, however, the affair is usually settled on a financial basis, the feud is called off, the murderer is pardoned and every one concerned, save only the dead man, is as pleased and friendly as though nothing had ever happened to interrupt their friendly relations. A quaint people, the Albanians."

The author was not favorably impressed by the Greeks. He accuses them of committing outrageous massacres in their occupation of southern Albania and Smyrna and declares that they are altogether unfit to be intrusted with the control of Mahomedan populations. He discusses the future of Turkey in a chapter entitled "Can the Sick Man Recover?" He is of the opinion that dissensions among the Allies will preserve Turkish rule in Constantinople. As for the rest of the Turkish Empire, outside of Central Anatolia, it is pretty thoroughly partitioned between France and England.

## Book Gossip

### A Great Wrong Is Righted

I read with interest in the Book Department of The New York Tribune for Sunday, April 18, a review of my recent book, "Three Plays of the Argentine." Since this is a book which I conceived, compiled, edited and wrote an introduction for, I am somewhat astonished that in the course of your review my name does not appear. I am not accustomed to writing letters of this nature, and I am certainly not a personal publicity seeker; but I consider that you have been distinctly unfair in not giving credit where it is just as distinctly due. I am only too happy to see that you had the courtesy to mention the effective work of my translator, Mr. Fassett, but since I myself have opened this field to the American public, I am certainly most emphatic in my belief that your action is not only discourteous in itself, but uncivil and unwarranted. Your attitude appears to me to imply direct discrimination, and, if this appearance is warranted by the facts, I desire to be informed further. My relations with the Tribune have been cordial, up to the present time. This, however, is a trifle too much.

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT.

### Sales of "The Portygee"

With his new novel "The Portygee" successfully launched, Joseph C. Lincoln is preparing to leave soon for his summer home on Cape Cod, where he will complete the manuscript of another novel to be published next year. Meanwhile, "The Portygee" continues to break all sales records. Although the advance sales were nearly three times as great as for any previous Lincoln book, the Appletons announce that the re-orders already are coming in at the rate of more than 1,000 copies a day.

## War Gas Poisoning

The Yale University Press announces the publication on April 17 of "Collected Studies on the Pathology of War Gas Poisoning," by Milton C. Winter, professor of pathology at the School of Medicine, Yale University. This monograph deals with the experimental study of exposure to various gases. The work is extensively illustrated with forty-six color plates and eighty-nine half tones, thus giving the student an unusual opportunity to visualize the results almost as though he were in the operating room. Without the illustrations, it would take a volume three times the size of the present work to cover the same field. The book sells for \$20.

### Don Marquis' "Hermione"

Don Marquis has announced that he favors a woman for the next President and has offered as a candidate his celebrated character, Hermione. Although campaign headquarters have not yet been established, the Appletons announce that Mr. Marquis' book "Hermione" is selling quite as successfully as the campaign biographies of other leading candidates, and a fifth printing has had to be rushed on the presses.



HENRY OYEN, author of "The Plunderer," published by the George H. Doran Company

## France Salutes Our Dead

### Whitmanesque Tribute to American Soldiers Who Fell on French Soil

NOW that serious attempts are being made in some quarters to stir up enmity between France and the United States, it is important to find the real attitude of the French people toward us; the following poem confirms their friendship in the face of reams of propaganda. It was written a year after the close of the war by Luc Durtain, one of the best known of their younger poets, and was published in the "Nouvelle Revue Francaise." The poem is interesting in another way as a French salute to the American dead. M. Durtain owes not only the subject but the form of his verse to Whitman; he is a thorough student of America.

### To the American Soldiers.

By LUC DURTAIN  
(Translation by Malcolm Cowley.)  
Friends, companions, O brothers  
(As if I could seize you  
With these words as with my outstretched hands),  
You took your course from yonder, your  
faces like the furrowed earth,  
With the wind of the prairies in your breast,  
With your four strong limbs:  
O brothers, who came  
Into this Europe, spotted with hate,  
Which resembles misfortune, which resembles the past;  
Who came into an absurd tumult  
On our bit of soil, where a little more  
Of justice and of liberty,  
Where a sort of innocence  
Left you a clean place to set your foot;  
Where are you? Have you returned?  
Many with the vertigo  
Of new lights dancing in their eyes;  
Others with bitterness in the mouth;  
Others slow with the weariness  
Of burdens which they have not touched—  
Behind you returned, and the long line of the horizon was drawn  
Behind you like a signature.

Thus you returned—but does something of you  
Even now among these grasses which push  
upwards  
Under our sky, variable as a wind-shaken  
Gray and blue in turn, according to the  
seasons?

Thus you returned. Not all of you. A few  
Of whom the name is multitude  
Straight, crossed with one war,  
Have ground under the surface of the  
burrowed  
Wishing to find the substance of its being.  
And these have passed  
Beyond all living desire;  
Beyond the desire of the reins, of the  
heart.  
Beyond even thought itself;  
More than one shovelful of earth has  
clumped down upon them.

Nothing of them remains above the ground  
Except this shadow:  
Straight, crossed with one war,  
With which the old religions recalled the  
sorrows of existence:  
The cross—it represents  
The aspiration of the spirit,  
The heroic which has the way—  
Reared forever above each man,  
It becomes  
The sole visible symbol of him.

There they stand, the white crosses, rank  
on rank,  
In great number, strictly accounted,  
Like an army still advancing.  
A few figures, a name, on every cross.  
The ground about them is neatly gravelled.

O you who lie now  
Dumb and blind, let the joints  
Of your limbs dissolve;  
Dispose eloquently  
Not your words, but the great bones of  
your jaw;  
Open the gulfs of your breast  
That the earth may filter in from below;  
Leave your entrails to decay  
In this thick, strange continent.

The kiss of a slim-ankled working girl, rue  
du Tonpneu,  
Which hung for a moment suspended on  
your lips;  
The open arms of Grandfather Charvassat  
at St. Mihiel;  
Everything that France meant to you—  
and this  
Had become as much a part of yourselves  
As your piled cities or the large motives  
for which you died—  
All the fraternal proof  
That between human motives there is no  
gulf, not even  
The colossal waters, dreaming of tem-  
pests  
Buried like a foundation stone at the end  
of a powerful bridge,  
Leave us here your bones.

Another army advances also  
Irregularly, in a little disorder, almost  
gallop:  
True crosses, those born by the French  
dead.  
Here and there the tombs of the van-  
quished  
Hidden with grass as if ashamed . . .  
O dead of five continents, shall you not  
Meet with each other underneath the  
ground?  
Too many races have mingled here in  
death.  
They cannot bar their doors to the  
stranger  
And each each one for himself henceforth.  
O dead of five continents, in this Europe  
You have not finished your task.

## Literary Drama

### Volume of One-Act Plays Proves Ineffective

IN THE brief preface to his latest collection of one-act plays, "Masks" (Henry Holt & Co.), George Middleton intimates that the highly commercialized character of the modern theater obliges the earnest dramatist to confide his sincerest efforts to print. One opens the little volume with the confidence that it will prove one more document with which to damn the commercialized producer, but confidence wanes with the turning of the pages. The playlets have no commercial value, as the author acknowledges, but it will be hard to agree with him that they have any artistic value. They are tiny little sketches, with a deft touch here and there, but on the whole, uninteresting as to subject and unadroit as to dialogue. The collection falls short of the standard Mr. Middleton set in his previous volumes. There is, of course, a war playlet, "Tides," but it suffers from the malady that has proved fatal with nearly all the plays written about the late war: it concerns itself too little with the drama of the event and too much with the morality. "Tides" tells the story of a radical-pacifist who enlists and the dialogue is written in the mood of tedious apology. It seems our playwrights are still occupied with the effort to prove either that it was right to go into the war or right to stay out of it. Perhaps we are still too close to the war to expect playwrights to record the drama of it. In so far as it furnishes literary material, the war is very much of a piece with psychoanalysis. Any amateur can make psychoanalysis thrilling, and few professionals ever succeed in doing so. The professional writer is not nearly as interesting as the average doughboy who has been in a battle and is willing to talk.

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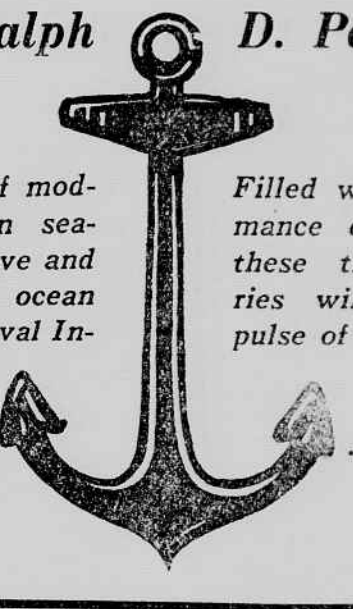


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